



Expiration Date--Cancelled



future

science-fiction

37 2 4

Chapter 1 by Skipper Jo

I had died what I thought to be an honorable death. We were at war and I had led a legion of my troops past enemy lines where we planned to raid the Capital and end the fighting once and for all.

Then a grenade flew out of no where. I knew it was the last straw and it the last chance we were going to have at winning the war. Without thinking I threw myself on top of the grenade.

It was an honorable death. I was at peace with my fate. I had achieved my destiny. My life purpose was complete. I was blown to bits and I was happy.

That is until they brought me back from the dead.

Chapter 2 by Skipper Jo



I thought I ended up in heaven.

When I awoke, the world ebbed into sight, the light pouring into my eyes, growing increasingly

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"She's waking up," someone with a wheezing voice shouted. "She's waking up!"

Suddenly the chorus of voices crescendoed and I cringed, bringing up my hands to my head, feeling the unfamiliar muscle fibers contract in my arm. Something felt strange. Everything felt peculiarly foreign and alien-like, not that my delusional mind was helping. I couldn't put my finger on it, but somehow everything felt...off.

Suddenly someone was peering over my face, casting a dark shadow across vision. I squinted, blinking as their dark leathery skin, almond-eyes, and thin lips came into focus. They had a full head of thick, black curls of hair and cartoon eyebrows.

"She's alive!!!" They shouted into my face, apparently unaware that my ears were six inches away.

Alive?

Suddenly, everything came into focus and a crystalline clarity snapped in my senses. My sight became an high-definition camera and my ears clearly picked up the softest scuffs of shoes on the floor, the nervous murmur of a stranger, and the gasp of someone in the corner.

I shot up off the table, nearly tumbling off the side and was caught by several bony arms. The faces of a dozen doctors came into view, each looking startled.

"Whoa there!" A hoarse voice said. "It's alright. It's alright."

"Where am I?" my voice escaped from my mouth. It sounded strange and shrill.

"Calm down," a soothing voice said directly next to my ear. I flinched at the sound, startled.

"You've been through a lot."

"Am I dead?" my shrill voice trembled as my eyes wildly darted around the room. It looked like a surgery room with all the medical equipment and devices that any surgeon used, and there was

a single, double-door at the end of room.

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"Dead?" the hoarse voice asked. "No, you're not dead. We brought you back to life!"

"What?"

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"Here, take a look for yourself..." Suddenly a mirror was shoved in front of my face.

So this was not heaven. I was alive. But I thought I had died--

I caught sight of myself in the mirror.

What on earth...

I screamed.

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